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# Puck

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JEALOUSY MAKES HIM RIDICULOUS.

HE VENTS HIS SPIE AGAINST THE CHICAGO FAIR BECAUSE IT EXCELS HIS OWN EFFORT OF 1889.



## PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

## CONCERNING SILVER AND LIBERTY.

IF A REFORMER should arise in this land of free thought and announce that the nation's only hope of prosperity lay in raising water-melons on the moon in large quantities, he would at once secure a small band of original-minded followers upon the simple, intrinsic merit of his scheme. The movement would not become broadly popular, however, until the believers called a convention and the loudest-mouthed among them proclaimed from the platform that a certain class of people were not only opposed to melon-culture in all its forms, but were determined to restrict the usefulness of the moon in order to impoverish the people. When these orators had fully made it plain that there was a deep-laid plot to fasten the yoke of bondage upon the necks of all toilers by defeating lunar melon-culture, they would enlist the sympathy of thousands of good men who hate injustice, and we would soon read that "the general sentiment of the country is in favor of the Lunarites." In other words, no matter how absurd your reform is, just maintain that its opponents are conspiring against the liberty and freedom of the citizen, and, if you spell "liberty" and "freedom" with capital letters you will have a considerable following. We have a fine example of this sort of an appeal in the proceedings of the Colorado Silver Convention. Colorado has a Populist Governor and the address which he read to the convention shows that he labors under the physical disadvantage that seems to handicap all Populists: their whiskers, whether they have any or not, outweigh their brains. Governor Waite became real cross before he finished speaking. He declared that "it is better that blood should flow to the horses' britch rather than our National liberties should be destroyed." This, of course, is a sound proposition, but there are several missing links between national liberty and Colorado's silver mines. It would be wasteful to furnish good blood for horses to flounder around in, merely for the sake of helping out silver miners; especially since the country is not wholly dependent upon silver for its support. We do not believe anything redder or solidier will flow than good windy Populist breath. Such speeches out of the frothing mouths of the silver men work to one good end. They show beyond dispute that the basis of the whole silver agitation is the fear of the silver miner that his profits shall be reduced. This leaves the question easier to handle. Five silver states, with a population of 742,500, have ten Senators to defend their rights. They produced last year sixty million ounces of silver which is worth to-day forty-three million dollars. The gross receipts of the Sugar Trust and the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. are

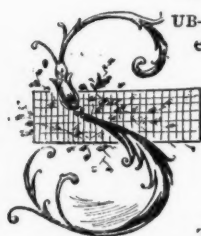
each more than three times this amount. Each of these corporations ought to have thirty Senators devoted to its interests if it is right for the silver industry to have ten. Again, valuing all the products of the country at \$166 per head, or eleven billion dollars on a population of 67,000,000, the silver product is hardly more than one-third of one per cent. of the whole; yet it has a Senatorial support which could not be had for coal or iron or beef. If the Senators representing \$43,000,000 in silver can so sadly befuddle the people, what would happen if the farmers who produce \$8,600,000,000 in a year, should demand that wheat and corn be made a part of the circulating medium. In view of a few facts like these, as cold and hard as the five thousand tons of silver that are now securing the freedom of the American people by being stored in the Treasury vaults, we are forced to agree with Senator Sherman that the Sherman law would be a mighty good law if the silver-purchasing clause were repealed. Arsenic might be a palatable drug if its poisonous elements were eliminated.

To prove its earnestness, the Colorado convention talked of secession. General apprehension has been allayed, however, by the New York *Tribune*, which asserts that the State of New York alone could furnish troops enough to subdue this western South Carolina. If some restless man should threaten to pick the stars out of the sky, we presume the *Tribune* would reassure its readers by pointing out the manifest futility of such an attempt. Still, Colorado is as likely to establish its independence as it is to dictate the financial policy of the United States of America.

## CONCERNING FRANCE AND THE FAIR.

The most of our foreign cousins have graciously acknowledged that our fair at Chicago is a creditable achievement. The Frenchman stands almost alone in his determination to regard it as a dismal failure. He displays pessimism of such abnormal profundity that we can hardly believe it arises from the mere exercise of his keen critical faculties. A correspondent of the *Figaro* points out the manifold weaknesses of the Fair with the air of one disposed to be just, but whose artistic conscience compels him to be severe. In the first place, the grounds are badly laid out. Then there is no originality in the buildings—"the architects have dug down into the antique." The whole shows "a degenerate and bucolic taste." All known styles of architecture, it seems, should have been ignored, and a style wholly new created for the Fair. He confesses that "this medley of white buildings is not absolutely disagreeable to the eye," and that it "arouses an indolent admiration of the classic." But, though he may be "dazzled for a moment by all this false magnificence," he can not forget that it is not modern, and is, therefore, thoroughly ignoble. Even the sun which lights Chicago by day is an antique, and it rises in the East, just as it did at the Paris Exposition. We never knew Chicago to claim the climatic advantages of heaven, yet it must have done so, for this gloomy Gaul says its climate has "more resemblance to the horrors of hell than to the bland aspects of paradise." We are ready to admit that this may be true, but we protest against his wholesale denunciation of the Fair itself. He scores it almost as bitterly as do many of the New York dailies that copy his screeds. We fear his spleen has got the better of his usual good taste. Germany, the neighbor that he most cordially loathes, had no part in the Paris Exposition, but has at Chicago an exhibit notably surpassing that of France. Also, the overwhelming verdict is that the Chicago Fair greatly surpasses the Paris effort of 1889. For these trifling reasons we shall not squirm under the French critic's contempt.

## EDITORIAL DISCRIMINATION.



UB-EDITOR (of New York daily).—As nearly as I can estimate, there's about two columns of live news about the World's Fair, including a paragraph about a trifling row.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Chuck the two columns on the floor, and order a two thousand-word special on the row.

## A DESIRABLE LOCATION.

TOURIST (engaging rooms in Paris).—Fifty francs a week! Too much, Madame.

CONCIERGE.—But consider, Monsieur, ze advantage. Ven zere is revolution zey always build ze barricade on zis street—an' you see ze *emete* from ze window

## PUCK'S WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR NUMBER

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## NOT MORE THAN ONCE.

FRANK WATERMAN.—Yes, Miss Flossie, if I had n't been a good swimmer I should have lost my life several times.

FLOSSIE NEWBUD.—Why, how extraordinary! How could you?



AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

In a nobby scarlet kerchief  
Now the maiden full of glee  
Plunges with a shout of laughter  
In the billows of the sea.

And each fellow, full of rapture,  
Wishes that that girl were his,  
While she bobs like a strawberry  
On the bosom of a fizz.

R. K. M.

IN THE CENTRAL PARK MONKEY-HOUSE.

FIRST SIMIAN.—Let's be sensible and act like other humans.

SECOND SIMIAN.—All right; what'll we do?

FIRST SIMIAN.—Oh, let's have a Delsarte matinée!

(They do so, and the spectators think they never saw the monkeys so funny before.)



"AFTER THE BAWL  
IS OVER."

GOOD EVIDENCE.

MRS. BRICKBRAC.—Somebody must have given Mrs. Nexdoor a vase, lately.

MR. BRICKBRAC.—Why so?

MRS. BRICKBRAC.—She is beginning to say "vawz."

THAT DROVE HER OFF.

"Why did you leave your last place?" said Mrs. Cumso to a girl who wanted a position in the kitchen.

"Because the missus went an' took lessons at a cookin' school, Mum."

MULTUM IN PARVO.

"Do you use condensed milk?"

"Guess so. The milkman can put a quart of it in a pint jar."

POOR CHEER.

JINKS.—Did you enjoy the Prohibitionist banquet?

FILKINS.—Mildly; but milk toasts do seem a little hospital-like.

SPEAKING OF bull pups, handsome is as handsome is not.

"THAT DRUGGIST must get good returns from his soda-water fountain." "Yes; as soon as you drink a glass of his soda-water you want some medicine."

THE MAN who is pushed to the wall finds it the best thing on earth to brace himself against when he is ready to push back.

WORRYING OVER a thing bears the same relation to doing it that a nightmare bears to a horseback ride.

MY SON, let thy wisdom distinguish between the woman that is good-looking and the woman that looks good.

THE MAN who follows the races will find in the long run that they are far ahead of his pocket.

IT SHOULD be some consolation to the mercilessly snubbed, newly-rich man, that about three generations hence he will be a highly respected ancestor.

THE SMALL BOY is never as blue as he looks, when he is eating home-made blackberry pie.

FIRE is a good servant, and, like other servants, its goodness depends on its keeping its place.

OF ALL the persons who get a living by filling pulpits, not the least deserving, perhaps, is the honest fellow who puts in the horse-hair.



A MORE PROFITABLE BRANCH  
OF THE BUSINESS.

CONFIDENCE MAN.—Can it be possible? Is this my old friend Deacon Greenberry? And are you still running the dear old store down at the crossroads?



THE STRANGER (removing his disguise).—No, Bill; it's your old friend Slippery Ike. I'm running a country boarding-house this Summer. It pays better than the handshaking line. I've just run uptown to do a little marketing.



THE PLACE FOR INFORMATION.

GRACE ENDCENT.—Now what do you know about me and my disposition after so short an acquaintance?

BERTIE NEW.—Oh, I pumped your dearest friend, Clara, yesterday, and she told me all about you!

GRACE ENDCENT.—And you still like me after having heard the worst?

NOT IMPLICATED.

JUDGE.—Was there no policeman about when your fruit-stand was robbed?

ANTONIO.—Oh ya, plenta policaman; but dey rob not so much as thisa man.



## THE SUCCESS OF JAMES FERGUSON, M. D.

FROM JAMES FERGUSON'S diploma could be gleaned the information that he was lately graduated and belonged to the Homœopathic school.

Old Dr. Lawson, ten years retired from practice, belonged to the Allopathic school, and believed it to embody the only correct system of therapeutics. His daughter Fanny desired to ally herself with that portion of the new school represented by young Ferguson. Her expression of this desire, supplemented by a statement from young Ferguson that he expected to have quite a large practice in a short time, revealed that Dr. Lawson was sternly opposed to any such alliance, not only on account of Ferguson's inability to support his daughter in the comparative opulence to which she had been accustomed, but because of the notorious inefficiency of Homœopathy and the consequent imbecility of its disciples. The old Doctor being of a positive nature, there was nothing to do but to wait until a remunerative practice should demonstrate the young man's individual worth, even if it should not free his system from odium.

He was really a competent young man, of an earnest, hopeful disposition, backed by a not too modest opinion of his professional attainments. He had a roomy, well furnished office, centrally located; but suffering humanity did not besiege its portals to the extent that could have been desired.

Almost his first patient was an uncultivated citizen, an angry, feverish man, who rushed in and violently demanded that he "look at that," presenting to view, on the back of his huge neck, something red and swollen. After examining it conscientiously, to the pronounced discomfort of the citizen, Dr. Ferguson said to him, in bland, confident tones:

"Yes—I see; now, you come back here in three days, and I can tell then whether it's a boil or a carbuncle." Divested of its fervid expletives, and paraphrased into polite language, the citizen's reply was: "My dear sir, the name by which science recognizes this eruption is positively a matter of supreme indifference to me. For reasons that should be obvious to you, I am solely concerned in its speedy abatement." As he closed the door behind him with unnecessary force, young Ferguson reflected that, on account of the citizen's overwrought condition, a less theoretical handling of the case might have been preferable.

The incident marked an epoch in his career. He determined to be less conservative in future.

Some plan had to be devised to legitimately apprise the community of his presence and fine qualifications. As only illegitimate advertising is considered legitimate by the reputable members of the profession, he found here a broad field for original thought. Aside from himself, he knew of but one person who had entire confidence in his capabilities, and the bright eyes, clear complexion and elastic step of that person, as well as her watchful father, permitted her no recourse to his skill. Considering that, for a few years at least, his methods would be largely empirical, this was, probably, a matter not to be regretted.

While in a drug-store one day, arranging a little matter of percentage on his prescriptions which the druggist should fill, a plainly dressed man came in and promptly fell down in a fit. Dr. Ferguson took charge of the case, concealing his nervous apprehension under an exterior of tranquil confidence. Despite several remedies that he hastily administered, the man recovered in a few minutes. One of the crowd that had gathered in the store said of the Doctor: "There's a man who knows his business all right." Hearing this, Dr. Ferguson's mind seized upon the nebulae of a unique idea. After his patient had recovered, he walked out with him.

"How often do you have these fits?" he asked.

"Bout one er two per week, most gen'ally," said the man.

"You could pretend to have one, could n't you, so as to deceive most people?"

When the question had been repeated and the man caught the idea, he said: "Yes, I'm in putty good practice; guess I cud make 'em go all O. K."

A conference followed, the details of which need not be recited here. Frequently after this, as Dr. Ferguson passed along the street, his attention was attracted by a man in a drug-store who had fallen in a fit. He

stepped in opportunely, and assumed charge of the case. During the man's convulsions he maintained a composed, all-knowing demeanor, with a far-away look in his eyes, as if his mind were dwelling upon a case of real importance.

As the druggist approached with a stimulant he would exclaim:

"What! Brandy in such a case as this! Don't you see what ails the man?"

He would then order some simple remedy that would effect a seemingly miraculous cure; thus proving to the bystanders that he knew what he was about and could not be trifled with. Regaining his normal state of mind and body, the sufferer would grasp the Doctor's hands, and, with tears in his eyes, would say:

"Doc, you're the first man to bring me out of one o' them fits under four days. How kin I ever repay you?"

"That is all right, my good man," would be the reply; "if you feel another coming on, just drop into my office—Dr. Ferguson, in the Granite Building; or call me by telephone, No. 9000. I'll leave one of my cards here (dropping several on the showcase) so you may know where to find me."

He would then make his way through the crowd with quiet, unassuming ostentation, while the sufferer earnestly repeated his name and address several times, and related his unhappy experience with less gifted practitioners.

This incident never occurred but once in the same general neighborhood, but was dramatically and effectively repeated at safe distances for six months. The fidelity of the situation was never questioned, and the result was the nucleus of a very fair practice.

During this time the Doctor cultivated a very promising pair of side-whiskers, which he had learned to regard as an important factor in the success of a physician. He wore a hurried, overworked look, and regarded the people he met with illy-concealed anxiety, as if he detected in them the seeds of a malady not hopelessly incurable, if taken in time. He had also learned to write his prescriptions with equivocal legibility, so that possible embarrassing results could readily be traced to gross carelessness on the part of the druggist.

Still, though profitable renown was almost within his reach, Miss Lawson was not, that is, except during uncertain moments of disappointing brevity, when she heard of his moderate success and incited him to further effort. Old Doctor Lawson manifested great incredulity at hearing that Ferguson was even moderately successful. He treated all such reports with heavy derision, so long as he could hold his temper. Beyond that he stormed, and accused the Board of Health of culpable negligence in allowing physicians of that school—"young nincompoops," he called them—to play with the public's health.

Meantime Dr. Ferguson had germinated another ingenious idea, the merit of which was being demonstrated.

One day Dr. Lawson discovered that the sanctity of his home had been heinously transgressed. He came across a neat little morocco case, containing a number of small vials full of pellets. Stress brought to bear upon his daughter revealed that she had procured the case from Dr. Ferguson and was wont to prescribe from it for herself and her mother.

The immediate result of this confession was a spluttering demonstration of the Doctor's inability to express the emotions of rage, contempt and abhorrence simultaneously. After it attained a fair degree of coherence, it ran somewhat as follows:

"D' you mean to say that that infernal young heretic has been forcing his confounded bread-and-water medicines onto this family, and feeding 'em to you, and undermining your constitutions with 'em? He's a quack—all quacks, the whole kit of 'em. Headache, eh? Don't believe you ever had a headache in your life. What

does he give you for it? One of those things an hour, eh! Good Lord! One of 'em; ain't bigger 'n fleas' eyes—no taste to 'em either! Don't ever let me hear of your touching such wishy-washy stuff again. The whole miser'ble little box full would n't make one good honest dose of medicine. One an hour! Do you see that bottle full? Well, there—that'll show you whether there's anything to 'em or not;" and in his excessive scorn the old Doctor poured a vial full of the innocent-looking pellets into his mouth and swallowed them with feigned relish. "Now,







IN CHICAGO.

MR. WEST MONROE.—These Eastern people are awfully careless when eating.

MR. FORT WAYNE.—How so?

MR. WEST MONROE.—Just look at that Eastern man!—how carelessly he throws his napkin in his lap. He does n't appear to care whether he gets his vest all full of soup or not.

A THOUGHT DESTROYER.

MRS. BINKS.—Now that you have a little son and heir, I think you ought to stay at home evenings and think about his future.

MR. BINKS.—That's just the trouble. He raises such an eternal racket I have to go out to think.

AN EXPERT'S REPLY.

TATTERED TOMMY.—Can't you help me a bit, boss? I'm starvin'!

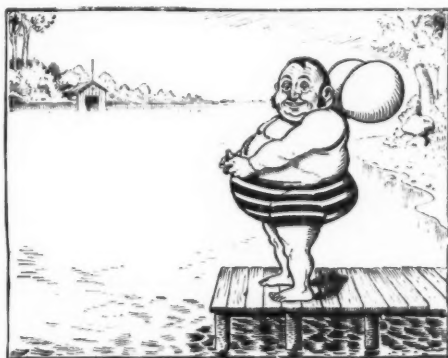
HOFFMAN HOWES.—Sorry for you, I'm sure; but I can't. It is n't good to drink on an empty stomach.

THE LAST STAGE—  
The Hearse.

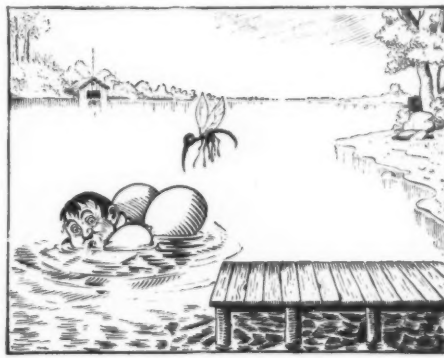
KNAPSACKS—Pillows.

A WATER PITCHER—  
Old Ocean.

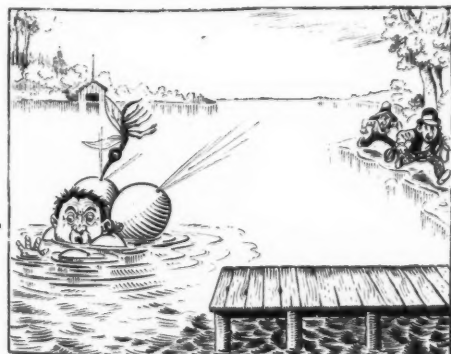
A JERSEY TRAGEDY; OR, A LIFE-PRESERVER THAT FAILED.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.

MORTIFYING.

MISS FINDEWSEECLE.—I felt awfully conspicuous in my new suit.

MISS TWENTIETHCENT.—Was it so odd?

MISS FINDEWSEECLE.—Was it? Why, I did n't meet a solitary man who had on anything like it.

ON THE TRAIL OF A CRIME.

"I don't believe that baby is Italian. I just heard him cry."

"What of that?"

"Why he said 'boo-hoo,' just like an American baby. I believe he's been kidnapped."

A FEMININE FINANCIER.

MRS. SMYTHE.—It's a shame the way you Masons spend money to keep your lodge running. If you'd let us women belong to it we'd get up a festival every now and then, and charge fifty cents a plate; that would n't be like paying the money right out of pocket!

SMYTHE.—But, my dear, who would attend the festivals?

MRS. SMYTHE.—Why, you Masons, of course!

LUCILLE'S BOUQUET.

I PAID SIX DOLLARS for Lucille's bouquet,  
To deck her for the ball of yesternight,—  
I, her adorer. Yet was this the way  
She treated it, with manner winsome, light:

She tossed it to her chaperon, the while  
She waltzed with Dick Van Dump, and roused  
my bile.

She swung it briskly, heedlessly about,  
And talked with Banks, and dropped three  
roses out.

She schottisched with De Peyster, and he stole  
A good share of it for his button-hole.

She danced with Charley Baxter the Berlin,  
And gave him some, and furnished him a pin.

She left the meagre remnant on a chair,  
And Mrs. Perkins-Churchill sat down there.

And then she said to me, with smile and yawn,  
Pausing to right her gown's soft disarray,

"Why—y! Dear me! where are those flowers gone?"

I paid six dollars for Lucille's bouquet.

Emma A. Oppen.



HE'D HAD EXPERIENCE.

"Dear me!" said the wayfarer as the ambulance tore past. "Anybody hurt?"

"No," said the policeman; "but somebody's goin' to be."

FORETHOUGHT.

MRS. HICKS.—There is a burglar downstairs; you'd better go down.

HICKS.—You don't want me to stain my hands in human blood, do you?

MRS. HICKS.—N-o; but—

HICKS.—Then let the cook kill him, and I'll stay right here, where I can prove an alibi.

A FIERY STEED—A  
Pony of Brandy.

when you get a headache again you come to me; I'll give you something you can *taste*. I'm going after this man; I'll let him know he can't come here and fool with my family in any way like that."

In his daughter's eyes there shone what novelists speak of as "a gleam of triumph."



Entering the waiting room of Dr. Ferguson, the old Doctor was painfully shocked to find it full of misguided people sitting in attitudes of expectancy, awaiting their turn for treatment. A few conversed in low, earnest tones concerning the remarkable cures this young Doctor was bringing about. Suddenly the office-boy jerked a portière aside, with a dramatic rattle of the rings along the rod, disclosing James Ferguson, M.D., framed in the doorway, breathing calm defiance to Disease. It was an effective tableau. For a second he remained immovable, then pointed his forefinger at one of the waiting sufferers who entered the consultation room with hopeful alacrity; the portière was then arranged for another

tableau. Twice Dr. Ferguson appeared, and each time Dr. Lawson started forward, but was outstripped by the designated patient, and ignored by his intended prey. The third time he succeeded in attracting the attention of Dr. Ferguson, who seemed not at all surprised, but said, in a weary, matter-of-course tone: "You'll have to wait your turn, Doctor; these people are ahead of you, you know; we are a little quiet here this afternoon; you won't have to wait over an hour."

The old doctor sank back in his chair and breathed in a manner indicating asthma or suppressed emotion. A well-meaning man on his right, with one eye bandaged, politely inquired how long he had been suffering. He received no reply, and, having an intuitive mind, he did not repeat his question.

A patient was called in about every ten minutes, and the hour passed slowly. Several people dropped in after Doctor Lawson, and seemed anxious lest they were too late to secure consultation.

Dr. Lawson's wonder at this throng of patients tempered his wrath. He was obliged to respect the ability that could acquire such a practice in

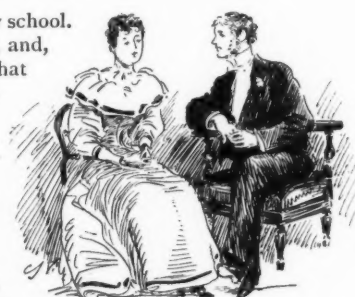
so short a time, even though convinced that the system under which it was handled was a peculiarly atrocious form of homicide. The thought came to his mind that if this young man *should* marry his daughter, he could perhaps reform him from his pernicious teachings and make a reputable physician of him. He clearly had executive ability. While calculating these possibilities, a deathly sickness came upon him; the blood left his face, he breathed with difficulty, and the furniture and people in the room engaged in a mad war-dance about him. Just as Dr. Ferguson made his fourth appearance, the old man fell from his chair, with an indistinct reference to a stomach pump.

Dr. Ferguson, addressing his patients, said: "I shan't need you people any more to-day; drop in to-morrow, one by one, at the usual hours." He then set about relieving the sufferings of Dr. Lawson, the nature of which he perceived with singular aptness.

At six o'clock the old Doctor, pale and limp, was driven home and put to bed, very much exhausted. He was attended by his daughter and Dr. Ferguson. During the evening he awakened from a doze to hear his daughter say: "Well, yes—May, if you insist upon it; but June would be ever so much better." She was just outside the light of a shaded lamp, and Dr. Ferguson was near her. A second time he awoke and heard: "Yes; white, of course—satin and duchesse lace—and some of the loveliest traveling dresses."

His daughter had joined the new school.

He was too weak to make any protest, and, besides, he was ready to concede that Homœopathic medicine, in Allopathic doses could be made effective.



The time is not far distant when Dr. Ferguson will be able to dispense with a regularly employed set of patients. He will have a pair of side whiskers of luxurious symmetry; and these, in connection with his deep voice and handsome figure, will cause people to speak of him as being "magnetic." After awhile he will be widely known as an Eminent Physician. None of his watchful brethren will ever accuse him of advertising.

### THE GREAT INTER-AFRICAN FOOT-BALL MATCH.



INFLATING THE BALL.



A TRY FOR GOAL.



## HOT WEATHER LONGINGS.



IVE ME a wide and frozen waste,  
Where chill, pure breezes blow.  
Give me an avalanche or two,  
Of piled up Alpine snow.

Give me six miles of berg, afloat,  
Majestically grand,  
And let me, without hat or coat,  
Upon its margin land —

Give me — but, no — you need n't mind,  
Go, get me, in a trice —  
I hear the iceman in the street —  
A ten-cent piece of ice.

Madeline S. Bridges.

OLDMAN. — Did your son get through college?

PATEDEGRAS. — No; only as far as substitute half-back.

THE BUTCHER'S dog is the dog that does n't lead a dog's life.

ORDER MAY be Heaven's first law; but it was disorder that produced earth's first lawyer.



## HIS LAST RESORT.

SUBURBAN POLICEMAN (*at 3 A. M.*). — Coom down out av that now, befoor I cloob the legs aff yez!

HOWSON LOTTS. — Oh, confound it, go away! I'm no burglar. This is the only time I can trim these trees without being advised and questioned by the whole neighborhood.

## FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

We take this early opportunity to correct a misapprehension that grew out of a typographical error which appeared in our last issue, in the account of the death of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, William J. Splog, familiarly known as "Appetite Bill." The types made us say that Mr. Splog died under the auspices of the string band, when, in reality, the vigilance committee had nothing to do with his taking off. What we meant to state was that the funeral was conducted under the auspices of the string band and glee club, of which Mr. Splog was an active member.

## EXCUSABLE.

FIRST CHICAGOAN. — I hate to hear people call Chicago the "Windy City."

SECOND CHICAGOAN. — Well, some of the wind has been taken out of other cities' sails.



FARMER RYESTRAW (*to tramp*). — I s'pose yer willin' to work?

INDOLENT IVERS. — Not much! I ain't no canned fruit.

## A BAD PRACTICE.

OLD BONDER (*nervously*). — What is that Extra the boy is calling?

CASHIER. — It's about a steamboat explosion in the West; sixty men killed, sir.

OLD BONDER (*angrily*). — Confound it! There ought to be a law against their frightening people like that. I thought it was a bank failure or something!

THE CHANTICLEER announced with joy:  
"The day, my dear, doth dawn;"  
And the hen, engaged in hatching eggs,  
Rejoined in brief: "I'm on."



## A NEW METHOD.

MAN-AFRAID-OF-THE-SOAP (*as member of Army Bicycle Corps dashes by*). — Much lazy sojer. Walk sittin' down; — Ugh!



THE LAST ROTTEN LIMB ON A DEAD TREE.

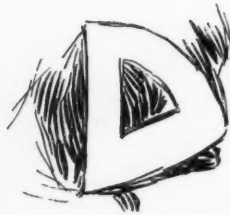


PUCK.



## THE AMERICAN VILLAGE ABROAD.

(As described in the Berlin Lieberwurst, July 4, 1903.)



URING THE Chicago World's Fair, held in the interior of America in 1893, some well-known capitalists of this city conceived the idea of sending to the benighted West a most interesting and instructive exhibition which has since been known to fame as "The German Village in America."

So interesting was this display that vast crowds of people assembled day after day in order to study Teutonic customs and habits, and so great was the success achieved by the promoters of the scheme that a number of wealthy Americans decided to send to the German World's Fair a similar exhibition of American village life. The American village was placed on view early last week, and has already drawn larger crowds than any other display to be seen on the grounds.

It is doubtful if a more faithful and interesting representation of peasant life has ever been seen at any fair or exposition in the world. A number of houses, a tavern, a church, a grocery and a drug store are shown, and some of the houses are so arranged with transparent walls as to give a view of the interiors as well. The ordinary daily life of the New England peasant may be viewed by all who pay a thaler to enter the grounds.

The interior of the village store demonstrates that barrels are used in America in place of chairs. On each one of these barrels is seated a native American indulging in the national pastime of masticating tobacco. The native method of eating large cucumber pickles, which are usually swallowed whole, is shown here.

Next to the grocery store is the village tavern, consisting of two apartments known respectively as the "office" and "Lije Simonds's back-room." In the first named of these apartments the natives assemble, each one as he enters taking a seat in an arm-chair which he tilts back against the wall. From time to time a native enters the room and makes a mystic sign to the landlord, who takes a large key from behind the door and escorts him into the back-room, where refreshments are served.

It is contrary to the American religious faith to drink anything in the "office" of a tavern, and there are some orthodox devotees who are so scrupulous in the performance of their various acts of worship that they will never drink in the presence of anyone but the landlord, and even he is compelled to wear a mask. When a native American has passed through the religious phase known as having "a change of heart," he is compelled to forsake the tavern and take all his spiritual refreshment in the drug-store, which is situated directly across the way. The proprietor of the drug-store always lives in the finest and newest house in the village and drives a pair of horses that can trot faster than any other in the county. The size of the druggist's house and the speed of his horses are in proportion to the spread of religion in the county in which he conducts his business. It is for this reason that the druggist is invariably a man of piety, who contributes liberally to the church and temperance society, for it is to these organizations that he must look for his best customers.

Yesterday the native Americans who constitute the population of the American village gave an interesting performance intended to represent some of the religious ceremonies practiced in their native land. The first of these ceremonies shown was the great religious rite known as "Young People's Friday Evening Prayer Meeting." This ceremony, which is of ancient New England origin, does not take place in the church proper, but in a large room under the church, and also on the steps of the holy edifice. The girls take seats in the basement room, and the young men assemble on the steps outside. The only young man allowed inside the building is the parson, and the younger he is the larger the attendance. The services last about one hour, and at their close the young girls emerge and express great surprise at finding the young men seated on the steps without. They then assort themselves in pairs and drift away into the darkness.

It is considered suitable on these occasions for the young girls to wear sacks of



A RARE INSTANCE.

BROWN.—That is the wealthiest man in town, and he made it all by writing poetry.

GREEN.—Impossible!

BROWN.—It's so. A rich widow who doted on poetry became infatuated with the stuff he wrote and married him.

the same color as the young men's coat-sleeves. It is the invariable duty of the young girl to utter an exclamation of surprise on finding any young man of her acquaintance waiting for her on the steps; and the greater the number of successive Friday nights that the young man has lingered there, the louder must be her expression of amazement on beholding him.

The chief religious observance in an American village always takes place on Sunday, and in preparing for this the men must anoint their heads with a peculiar oily substance made from the fat of the sheep, and put on boots, which they also anoint in the same manner. These boots are so contrived as to creak loudly as the wearer walks. The women attire themselves in strange bonnets and bright ribbons, and on the occasion of the special performance given to the press the other day, one woman wore black cork-screw ringlets on each side of her face, and hoop-skirts 33 feet in circumference. This lady sang in the choir, and is known in her native land as "Samanthy Jane Elderkin." The services are divided into two parts, and last from half-past ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, with a half hour's recess at 12. During this recess the natives sit on the tomb-stones in the church graveyard, and eat pie.

The native American custom of "Sunday night Sparking" was illustrated the other day in a most interesting and instructive manner. In one of the interiors could be seen a young man and a young girl seated at one end of a horse-hair sofa, holding one another's hands. While thus engaged, an elderly peasant, who impersonates the young girl's mother, came in in a swift and stealthy manner, turned up the wick



A PREFERENCE.

NURSE (as she puts ROBERT to bed).—And what would you say if your mama should have a little baby brother or sister for you when you woke up in the morning?

ROBERT.—Tell her I'd rather have a dog.





RECOVERED.

AMICUS.—You lost your head completely at the banquet, last night.  
SOAKLEY.—Well, I've got it back, this morning.

of the lamp, which had previously been burning very dimly, and then retired from the room, only to return and repeat the ceremony fifteen minutes later. Custom ordains that the young man, on hearing the approaching footsteps of the elderly peasant, shall relinquish the young girl's hand and slide with great rapidity to the other end of the sofa, which is always kept in a slippery condition for this purpose. At the special performance already referred to, the young man who enacted the rôle of the lover slid with such rapidity as to set his trousers on fire.

James L. Ford.

A GAME OF CHANCE.

"Let's play a game of hearts," she cried;  
"For stakes I'll be your promised bride."  
'T is your first play; see which 't will be,  
I marry you — you marry me?"

Albert Hardy.



EMANCIPATED AT LAST.

WAITER.—Scuse me, boss, but dis table is resarved fur ladies.  
Take yo' hat off, too, sah, if yo' please.

UNREASONABLE.

OLD HYSON (*angrily*).—See here! I would like to know what you intend to make of yourself? Your College Principal says he does n't know of anything that you would be likely to make a success of.

YOUNG HYSON.—Well, you don't expect me to answer a question that a College Professor can't answer, do you?

A PERSONAL ALLUSION.

RED MAN (*at the Dime Museum*).  
—Ugh! Me big injun!  
BOSTON GIRL (*to companion*).—  
What an egotist!

WELL IRRIGATED.

"I hear you own a farm in Florida."  
"Yes. Sixty-two acres."  
"What do you raise on it?"  
"Tides, chiefly."

TIME FLIES fastest on the wings of  
a promissory note.

WHAT A gay and festive old world this  
would be if we were only as independent  
of gold in the form of cash as in the form of jewelry!



CONTENTMENT is the feeling that you are better off than your neighbor.



AN ECONOMICAL MEASURE.

LITTLE ISAACS.—Fader, I vants some moneys; mein slade is cracked.

FATHER ISAACS.—Mein sohn, dimes vas hardt. Use der odder site.

NOT MATHEMATICALLY CORRECT.

BALLYER.—That was a rough story Tattler told about his grandfather.

RITEWATE.—It was told without thought, no doubt. His angles of reflection were not equal to his angles of incident.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

UNCLE TREETOP.—We have to be very careful in Summer, for lightning will sour the milk.

MISS TERRY (*a city niece*).—You don't say! And are those little knobs on the horns of the cows lightning rods?

KICKING A MAN when he is down is sometimes the only way to make him get up.

A CALL ON a new neighbor is much like a call in a poker game; it's to see what he's got.

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NOT one man in twenty-five can give a sensible reason, if you ask him, why he keeps a dog.—*Ram's Horn.*

COPPER BOTTOMED—The National Currency.—*World's Fair Puck.*

WHEN faith goes to church to pray for rain, it always takes an umbrella.—*Ram's Horn.*

"I WONDER why I love you so much?" said Papa to his little boy.  
"Coz I looks like you, I dess," said the little boy.—*Harper's Bazar.*



AN ELEPHANTINE ADAPTATION.

PAPA ELEPHANT.—

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross  
To see little Elly ride on a white horse.  
A ring round his ankle is what he must wear  
If he takes an engagement to show at the Fair.

—*World's Fair Puck.*

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AT THE HOTEL.

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SUSAN. — Oh, I meant to hev told you, Hay; you just turn this little ketch so, and the light comes. That chimbley's fixed on that way so as to stop them country people from blowing out the gas. — *World's Fair Puck.*

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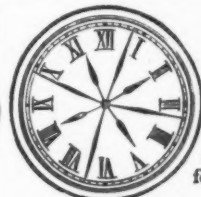
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73. Cracked Ice. Being Puck's Best Things About The Sweltering Season.
72. Hash. Being Puck's Best Things About Feed and Feeders.
71. Steady Company. Being Puck's Best Things About Keeping It.
70. On the Rialto. Being Puck's Best Things About "Hams" and Hamlets.
69. Rainbows. Being Puck's Best Things About Humanity's Hallucinations.
68. Lonelyville. Being Puck's Best Things About The Place and The People.
67. Cash. Being Puck's Best Things About Money Makers and Money Spenders.
66. Snowballs. Being Puck's Best Things About Frozen Fun.
65. Biddy. Being Puck's Best Things About Our Kitchen Aristocracy.
64. Fall Pippins. Being Puck's Best Things For All The Year Round.
63. Zoo. Being Puck's Best Things About Unnatural History.
62. Notions. Being Puck's Best Things About All That's Quaint, Queer and Curious.
61. Ninety in the Shade. Being Puck's Best Things About Hot Weather Happenings.
60. Them Lit'ry Fellers. Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Pen and Pencil.
59. Kinks. Being Puck's Best Things About The Woolly Ethnops.
58. Junk. Being Puck's Best Things About All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
57. Cranks. Being Puck's Best Things About Peculiar People.
56. Patchwork. Being Puck's Best Things About One Thing and Another.
55. Young 'Uns. Being Puck's Best Things About The Kid in Various Stages of Development.
54. Emeralds. Being Puck's Best Things About Sons of the Old Sod.
53. Tips. Being Puck's Best Things About Some Mighty Interesting Matters.
52. Fresh. Being Puck's Best Things About The Unsalted Generation.
51. Whiskers. Being Puck's Best Things About Our Country Cousins.
50. Spoons. Being Puck's Best Things About Moony Mortals.

IT WOULD SUIT HIM.  
CHICAGOAN.—Shall we ride in the electric launch or the gondola?  
PHILADELPHIAN.—Ah, the gondola, to be sure—it goes slower.  
*World's Fair Puck.*

UNCLE EBEN SOLILOQUIZES.  
"I allus wonder if the fish feels as big as he looked to the feller who lost him."—*World's Fair Puck.*

A GREAT POINT.  
"I hear there is to be a monster shooting tournament at the Fair," said Wicks.  
"Really? Where are they going to get the monsters?" asked Miss McQueary.  
—*World's Fair Puck.*

ANOTHER KIND.  
OLD MR. TENAKERS.—Call them cows? I never see no cows that looked like them.  
KENSINGTON GROSVENOR (*who painted them, irritably*).—Well, I don't suppose you've seen all the cows in the world.—*World's Fair Puck.*

MR. REAGAN'S OPINION.  
"Moike, Oi tink de Dimocrats has control av the Midway, too. There's two Oirish villages, an' only wan av any ither."—*World's Fair Puck.*

## World's Fair Visitors

are cordially invited to make the PUCK Building, which is located midway between the Woman's Building and the Horticultural Hall, their Head-quarters during their stay at the Fair, where every-thing is done to make them comfortable.

They can have their mail addressed in care of "PUCK," Jackson Park, Chicago, Ill., where it will be taken care of.



### IMPORTANT FEATURES LACKING.

GUARD.—Going home, eh? Well, how did you like the Fair?  
VISITOR.—Purty good, fur 's it goes,—but they hain't got no trottin' track, an' I did n't see none o' them fellers that asks ye to bet which one o' the three cups the little wooden ball is under.—*World's Fair Puck.*

Valuable but not Costly.  
It may save you a great deal of trouble in cooking. Try it. We refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, regarded by most housekeepers as absolutely essential in culinary uses, and unsurpassed in coffee. All Grocers and Druggists sell the Eagle Brand.

Nervous headaches promptly cured by  
Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle 10c.

THE gambling-house is a toothache in the head of society; but pulling does n't always cure it.—*World's Fair Puck.*

49. Fads and Fancies. Being Puck's Best Things About Various Vanities.
48. Across the Ranch. Being Puck's Best Things About The World on Wheels.
47. Here and There. Being Puck's Best Things About Happenings in Both Places.
46. Togs. Being Puck's Best Things About Rags, Tags and Velvet Gowns.
45. All in the Family. Being Puck's Best Things About Our Happy Households.
44. Dollars and Cents. Being Puck's Best Things About The Scramble for Scads.
43. Cold Days. Being Puck's Best Things About Chilly Chunks of Frosty Fate.
42. Chow Chow. Being Puck's Best Things About This and That.
41. Just Landed. Being Puck's Best Things About Folks from Faraway.
40. Dumb Critters. Being Puck's Best Things About The Humorous Side of Animal Life.
39. Human Nature. Being Puck's Best Things About That Curious Customer, Man.
38. Bunco. Being Puck's Best Things About Crooks and Uprights.
37. Kids. Being Puck's Best Things About The Junior Generation.
36. Darktown Doings. Being Puck's Best Things About Afro (and other)-Americans.
35. Profesh. Being Puck's Best Things About Intellectual Individuals and Their Idiosyncrasies.
34. Ups and Downs. Being Puck's Best Things About Life, Luck and Lucre.
33. Freaks. Being Puck's Best Things About Fantastic Folks and Fads.
32. Job Lots. Being Puck's Best Things About Business Busts and Booms.
31. Household Happenings. Being Puck's Best Things About The Fun and Fancy of Home Life.
30. Fun at Zero. Being Puck's Best Things About Winter Sports.
29. Round Town. Being Puck's Best Things About Those Who Go Up and Down in the Great Big Town.
28. Snap-Shots. Being Puck's Best Things About Any Thing and Everything.
27. All At Sea. Being Puck's Best Things About Fresh-Water Fairies and Sad Sea-Dogs.
26. Fly-Time. Being Puck's Best Things About The Torrid Term.
25. Out Doors. Being Puck's Best Things About Summer Sports.
24. On the Road. Being Puck's Best Things About Travelers, Tourists, and Their Tribulations.

GOOD luck is the best nerve food.—  
—*World's Fair Puck.*

A SPEAKING LIKENESS—A Pun.—  
—*World's Fair Puck.*

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In times of stress, unhappiness  
And need of consolation,  
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22. Show Business. Being Puck's Best Things About Artists and Fakirs.
21. Very Young Man. Being Puck's Best Things About That Fresh and Frolicsome Citizen.
20. Hi' Art. Being Puck's Best Things About The Eccentric and Interesting Children of Genius.
19. Chin. Being Puck's Best Things About Book-Agents, Barbers and Other Bores.
18. Out West. Being Puck's Best Things About The Wild and Woolly Wilderness.
17. Is Marriage a Failure? Being Puck's Best Things About Mothers-in-law and other Matrimonial Matters.
16. The Small Boy. Being Puck's Best Things About The Ubiquitous Younger Brother.
15. City Sketches. Being Puck's Best Things About The Merry Metropolis.
14. Brudder Shinbones. Being Puck's Best Things About Our Colored Sassy.
13. Help. Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Servant Girl.
12. Suburban. Being Puck's Best Things About The Country of the Commuter.
11. Shop. Being Puck's Best Things About The Busy World of Trade.
10. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp. Being Puck's Best Things About The Great American Traveler.
9. Freddy's Slate. Being His Own Record of His Doings and Sayings.
8. The Great American Boarding-House. Being Puck's Best Things About That Abode of Happiness.
7. Our Foreign Fellow-Citizens. Being Puck's Best Things About Americans of All Nationalities.
6. Sassy. Being Puck's Best Things About The World of Fashion and Frivolity.
5. The Funny Baby. Being Puck's Best Things About Our Household Angels.
4. Hayseed Hits. Being Puck's Best Things About The Merry Rustic and His Ways.
3. Just Dog. Being Puck's Best Things About That Animale Amabile.
2. The Summer-Boarder. Being Puck's Best Things About That Afflicted Creature.
1. The National Game. Being Puck's Best Things About Base-Ball.

**LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, 50 Broadway, New York,** transacts a general banking business.



"I'm doing it all for the sake of the girls; —  
We can never expect, if they tarry  
At home far away from society's whirls,  
That our two tender darlings can marry."



"Well, Nora, good-by; take good care of the place;  
We're off, as you know, for the season.  
You'll hear some good news about Annie and Grace  
When we come back, (or I'll know the reason.)"



"Ah, 't is aisy, indade, ter gurruls loike thim  
Ter foind hoosban's by chasin' ahl over  
Th' land. But how 's a poor lass dthat 's not in th' shwim  
To attrract to her soide jist wan lover!"



"Now, my dear, it will do you no good to rage;  
Our girls are still young — there's no need of hurry.  
We have been everywhere by train, boat and stage —  
Not a man has proposed; that's *my* worry."



Then Cupid showed them, in a practical way,  
How he comes to *true* lovers' relief;  
For Nora gave notice she'd "lave th' next day"  
To become the fair bride of Policeman O'Keefe.

"T is a poor romance, but, to those who will look,  
It shows some of the folly of mothers;  
For Love keeps together the copper and cook,  
While the seaside flirtation he smothers.